

All New Drama

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Summary: This is my take on TDI, although I may eventually do TDA and TDWT. But for now just the Island. 23 teens have signed up for a reality show but who will come out on top? Who will not have a chance? Find out in All New Drama! It may become OCxhareem

1. The first 11 arrive

****I only own my OC's****

At a run down summer camp in Canada a man walk out in front of the camera and said 'Yo, were coming at you live from camp Wawanaka somewhere in Matoska Ontario. I'm your host, Chris McClain. Dropping season one of the hottest new reality show on television at this very moment. Here's the deal: 23 campers signed up to spend 8 weeks here at the old summer camp. They'll compete in challenges against each other and then have to face the judgment of their fellow campers. Every three days one team will either win a reward or watch one of their team members walk down the dock of shame to the loser boat and leave Total Drama Island for good.'

At the fire pit Chris continued, "Their fate will be decided here at the dramatic campfire ceremony, after each challenge all but one will receive a marshmallow. In the end only one will be left standing and will be rewarded with cheesy tabloid fame and a small fortune." Finishing as he holds up a treasure chest of \$100,00, "Which, let's face it. They'll probably blow in a week. To survive they'll have to battle flies, grizzly bears, disgusting camp food, and each other. Every moment will be caught on one of the hundreds of cameras situated all over the camp. Who will crumble under the pressure? Find out here, at this moment on... ****TOTAL**... **DRAMA**...**
****ISLAND!**"**

****(Theme song)****

"Welcome back to Total Drama Island!" Alright let's meet our first 12

campers. We told 'em they were staying at this five-star resort, so, if they seem pissed that's probably why." The sound of a motor boat was soon heard. The first of the contestants to arrive was Beth. She was slightly on the pudgy side with chestnut-brown hair done in a high ponytail. She wore a green and gold shirt festooned with a variety of pin-on buttons, and pale pink slacks. Beth wore Coke-bottle glasses and braces. "'Beth, what's up?'" Chris greeted the perky girl. She replied "'It's so encourage-less to meet you!, Wow! You look shorter in actual life!'" Beth's manner was as awkward as her body. Which pissed Chris a little. He really hated it when people pointed out his height. "Uh, thanks!'" Chris dryly remarked.

The next person to arrive was DJ. A bit on the tall side wearing a white cap, brown shirt, and black shorts showed up. Without a doubt his stature made him look very athletic. "DJ!" Chris greeted the second of the contestants. "Yo! Chris McClain, how's it goin'? Hey, you sure you got the right place here? Where's the hot tub at?" he asked as he looked around. He read somewhere in that contract something about a hot tub. "Yo, dog! This is it! Camp Wawanakwa!" Chris redirected the topic and pointed out to the direction of where the camp site was. DJ said, Hmph! Looked a lot different on the application form.''

The next camper was a Gwen. Her short hair was dyed pitch-black and highlighted in teal. Her dark, cool-colors outfit consisted of a sleeved corset top that arranged her modest chest to its best advantage; a short skirt with a patchwork look; forest-green hose; and black, knee-high platform boots. Her pasty complexion was not the artificial, chalky white of a hardcore Goth. Chris said "Hey, Gwen!" "You mean we're staying here?" she asked, wondering if the trailer would be big enough to fit a hand full of people let alone all the contestants. "No, you're staying here," he gestured to the old log cabins. "My crib is in air stream with A-C, that way!" he said pointing out said trailer. "I did not sign up for this!" the girl responded with a scowl. Holding up the forms Chris said, "Actually, you did!"

Gwen goes to the application forms and rips them up. Pulling out a copy he said "The good thing about lawyers is...They make lots of copies!" "I am not staying here!" she said stubbornly, contract or no contract she was not going to be stuck on an Island for who knows how long. Chris smugly said "Cool! I hope you can swim though, because your ride just left!" The boat horn honks as the captain signals that he was heading his way back to the main land.

"Jerk" She muttered darkly under her breath. The fourth contestant to arrive was Geoff. A cowboy type who wore sandals, jeans, a pink silk button-down shirt, and a ten-gallon hat. "Chris McClain! What's up man It's an honor to meet you man." The pretty boy greeted the host. "The Geoff-ster! Welcome to the island, man." Geoff responded, "Hey Thanks, man." Gwen sarcastically remarked at the display. "If they say man one more time, I'm gonna puke!" The next boat drove up,

"Everybody, this is Lindsay!" the host introduced as a blonde stepped off the boat. She sported a warm-colors ensemble consisting of stylized cowboy boots, a short skirt, and a halter top. Containing her hair was a baby blue bandana while the rest of her hair was straighten out. Her skin was fair and flawless, and her face was made

up subtly and skillfully. Chris remarked, "Not to shabby!" "Hi, ok you look so familiar?" the attractive girl asked. "I'm Chris McClain...the host...of the show." he emphasized. "Oh that's where I know you from." She replied sheepishly. Annoyed Chris said, "uh..ya"

The next contestant arrived was Heather. A tall, model-thin, drop-dead gorgeous girl stepped ashore with regal bearing. Her straight, waist-length hair was unbound, and as black and glossy as jet. She wore a stylish maroon top that was little more than a sports bra, barely legal shorts, and open-toed, spike heel shoes. Removing her sunglasses with a glare that could scare almost anyone as she took in her surroundings. She had an aura of snootiness around her. So self-absorbed she forgoes introductions altogether. Chris said, "Heather?" "Hi, looks like we're your new friends..." Beth unintentionally says while spitting. "...for the next eight weeks!"

The boat next deposited a punk type with a wiry build. He wore a black T-shirt, emblazoned with a large skull design, over a long-sleeved yellow undershirt. His dark hair was styled in a green mohawk, and his face was slightly heavily pierced. This detail revealed him as a punk, as opposed to another Goth. Chris said, "Duncan, dude!" "I don't like...surprises!" he told Chris, ominously pounding his fist into his open palm.

"Yeah, your parole officer warned me about that man, he also told me to give him a holler any time and have you return back to juvie!" Duncan sniffs. "OK, then." As he sauntered down the dock to where the other contestants stood, walking past Heather. "Meet you by the campfire, gorgeous?" he suggested with a leer. "Drop dead, you skeez." Heather scoffed in disgust and then turned to Chris. "I'm calling my parents, you cannot make me stay here."

Seeing the next camper, Chris said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Tyler!" Another boat drove up, motor sounds blaring and boat horn was in an all red jogging suit and short brown hair steps down from the both. His luggage comes tumbling out. Unlike the other contestant this one skied in, but tripped and skimmed through the water and hit the dock launching him into the luggage. "Oooo, ouch" everyone said except Chris. "Ahhh, my shoes" Heather said. "Wicked wipe out man" Chris said

Another contestant arrived, wearing eyeglasses with thick lenses. Below his lip were a few wisps of hair that were presumably meant to be a soul patch; and upon his head, a crop of brick-red hair. Chris laughs and the Kid sighs. "Welcome to camp, Harold!" Followed shortly after was a glasses wearing guy on the scrawny side. With Auburn hair, a blue shirt and green pants it was the contestant Harold. "What's he looking at?" Beth questioned. "So you mean this show is at a crappy summer camp and not on some big stage or something?" He asked. "You got it!"

"Yes! That is so much more favorable to my skills!" He skips like a fairy as Chris makes a wierd face. "Contestant number ten...is Trent!" He was dressed casually, a semi-camo shirt featuring short, camo-pattern sleeves, light olive-green torso. Emblazoned on his chest was a black hand print, the significance of which he never bothered to explain. He wore a large backpack in lieu of luggage, and carried what could only be the case for an acoustic guitar. "Hey,

good to meet you man! I saw you on that figure skating show, nice work!" He said. Chris responded, "Hey, thanks man! I knew I'd rock that show!"

"I saw that! One of the guys dropped his partner on her head. So, they got immunity that week!" Beth brought up. "Lucky, I hope I get dropped on my head!" Harold said as Lindsay murmured a similar reply. "Me too!" Trent asks, "So, this is it?" Harold picks his nose much to the nauseating of the others. "...Alright then!"

Another boat and another arrival. Tall and willowy, she was pretty in a 'girl next door' sort of way. She wore her long, naturally blonde hair in a low ponytail that was more functional than fashionable; and she wore no makeup. She was dressed simply, with a sky-blue hoodie, shorts and sandals, and she carried a red and gold surfboard. "Hey, what's up!" the girl said

"All right! Our surfer chick, Bridgette, is here!" Duncan called out "Nice board, this ain't Malibu honey." She replied "I thought we were going to be on a beach?" she asked upon taking a good look of the area only for her face to drop a bit in disappointment. "We are!" I suppose I can settle for swimming." Bridgette sighing at this disappointment. "Alright that makes 11 contestants" Chris replied, "Ow darn it", because he got hit by Bridgette's board.

A/N: I recently decided to try this out so here you go. I'm trying to clear up some document space so this along with two other fics will be published. Anyway, next chapter all put one of the 23 will arrive.

2. All but one camper arrive

I only own my OC's

"Hey guys" Bridgette said "Hey, I'm Geoff" "Whats up" she swung her board while turning "Dang watch the board, man!" "Hi, I'm Beth" once again she swung her board replying "Hey" "OK, we've all met surfer girl, can we get on with the show please?" Heather asked, growing irritated at how long things were taken. "Someone missed their double cappuccino machiato this morning!" Duncan said making a jab at Heather's back ground. "Get bent." she acidly responded. The next of boats show up. "Our..." sighing, Chris said "... next camper, is Noah!" He had longish, dark brown hair in no identifiable style and a generically brown skin tone suggesting native or Hispanic extraction. He wore high-top sneakers that didn't quite reach his high-water cargo pants. His layered top consisted of a white, long-sleeved undershirt; a short-sleeved, misbuttoned blue button-down shirt, and a red, lightweight sweater vest.

"Have you got my memo about my life threatening allergies?" he asked. "I'm sure someone did!" Chris said in response to the kid's questions. To be honest he didn't actually care. "Good, is this where we're staying?" the question along with the look of doubt and uneasiness said it all. "No, it's your mother's house, and we're throwing a party!" Duncan snidely answered for the host. "Cute! Nice piercings original, did you do them yourself?" He sarcastically said. "Yeah," Duncan says as he grabs Noah's lip, "...do you want one?" He sighs, "Uh, no thanks, can I have my lip back please?" he managed to mumble out coherently. Duncan Lets go of Noah's lip. "Thanks!"

In a light brown shirt with Jeans hugging her plentiful hips a dark skin with hoop earrings and black hair done in a pony-tail arrives. "What's up y'all, Leshawna's in the house! Yo baby! Hey, how are you doin', how's it goin'?, feel free to quit now and save yourselves from trouble, 'cause, I came to win!" She turns to DJ. "'Oh, what's up my brother gimme some sugar baby!'" "I've never seen a girl like you in real life before." Harold finally spoke after finishing gasping at Leshawana. She asked, "Excuse me?" "You're real big...and loud!" he foolishly remarked in his fascination, clearly not aware that was not the sort of thing you say to a woman. She snapped "What did you say to me? Oh, no you didn't! You have not seen anything yet, I'll show you big baby!'" DJ & Bridgette and grab Leshawna. She angrily said, "Oh, yeah, you want some of this, well come on then"

Ticked of Chris said, "All right campers, settle down. Ladies, Sadie & Katie, welcome to your new home for eight weeks." The boat docked again and decanted, not the expected contestant, but two contestants. One was as skinny as a rail, with black hair and bronze skin, although whether her skin tone came from ancestry or lifestyle was not immediately clear. The other new arrival was shorter, very fat and very fair. Her hair was dyed black and styled in the same high pigtails as her companion, for companions they clearly were. These Twins wore matching outfits, with pink shorts almost as skimpy as Heather's and black and white 'prison striped' shirts. Even their luggage matched. "Oh my gosh, Sadie look, it's a summer camp!'" Katie said. Sadie exclaimed "OK, I've always wanted to go to summer camp! Yayeee!" Looking oddly at the two Chris said, "Ezekiel! What's up man!" "I think I see a bird!'" The next boy to arrive had a rustic, unsophisticated air about him. His unstylish but practical outfit consisted of work boots, jeans, a heavy greenish hoodie variant, and a toque. He wore his hair in a mullet, and had a downy proto-beard on his chin.

Trent laughed in response to the kid's enthusiasm. "OK, look dude, I know you don't get out much, you've been home schooled your whole life, you've been raised by freaky prairie people, just don't say much and try not to get kicked off to early, OK?" Ezekiel said, "Yes sir.'" Gwen sighed, trying to take in everything she had just saw. "That's just...wow." On the boat's next stop, a short, somewhat skinny boy strutted off thegangplank like he owned the world. He had short brown hair with long bangs nearly obscuring his green eyes. His most notable physical feature, though, was spitting gap in his teeth. This was Cody, the troupe's science geek. He projected an aura of coolness, or at least of what he perceived coolness to be, but it didn't quite go with his outfit: a short-sleeved sweater, with a couple of stripes across the chest, over an off-white button-down shirt, the tails of which hung out over his cargo pants.

Chris acknowledged him, "Cody, the Code-ster, the Code-My-ster!" Cody said, "Dude, I'm excited to be here man! I see the ladies have already arrived! All right!" he added with a cheer. "Save it, short stuff!" Leshawana said quieting him down. "Eva, nice! Glad you could make it" Chris said to the next contestant as a case of dumb bells fall on Cody's foot. She looked like an athlete. A bit well-built to the point her bulging biceps were a bit of a put off. She had a classic hourglass figure, with legs that were reasonably shapely despite being as hard as iron, and she even had a beauty mark on her lip, but she didn't seem especially interested in her appearance.

Content with the unibrow she was born with apparently along with a perpetual scowl. The severe ponytail she wore probably wasn't the most flattering look for her, and she wore no makeup beyond lipstick that matched her hazel eyes.

Rubbing his foot, Cody said, "Ow! What's in there, dumb bells?" She coldly replied "Yes." "She's all yours, man!" Duncan replied. Looking at DJ. The next arrival was the largest one by far. He was grossly fat, dressed simply, in shorts, sneakers, and what looked like a faux team shirt of some kind. He had a scraggly little mop of unkempt blond hair. "Wahoo! Chris! What's happenin'?" the fat kid said bursting into laughter. "This is awesome! Wahoo!" As he barreled down the dock he tripped and hits his head against the dock. Chris answered equally loud, "Owen! Welcome!" "Awesome to be here man! Yeah! Man, this is just so..." he rambled on before Gwen took a stab at what the fat kid was going to say next. "Awesome?" "Yes, awesome! Wooooo! Are you gonna be on my team?" "Oh, I sure hope so..." Gwen replied sarcastically in response to the question. So far she was not impressed by what she was seeing. "Wooooo!" Annoyed Chris asked, "You about finished?" Owen apologized, "Sorry, dude. I'm just so psyched!"

Shrugging it off Chris said, "Cool, and here comes Courtney." A tan skinned girl with short brown-haired stepped off the boat. She wore a short, lightweight grey sweater over a more expansive off-white blouse, the combination bearing an unfortunate resemblance to a chambermaid's uniform. At least her calf-length, olive-green pants didn't reinforce that image. Courtney also wore high-heeled sandals, but even with this enhancement was one of the shortest contestants in the troupe. "Thank you." Courtney joined the other contestants and engaged in polite introductions with a number of them. "Hi, you must be the other contestants! It's really nice to meet you all!" "How's it goin, I'm Owen!" He greeted as he shook her hand. "Nice to meet you...Oh, wow." Chris smirked and said, "And now the eye candy for our female viewership. Justin." For a lack of better description Justin was a god among men. He had a ripped physique that was not within the realm of body builder's exaggeration, though it did ripple under his tight T-shirt. He also wore old, nondescript blue jeans and sneakers, but none of the girls noticed those until later. His shortish hair was straight, glossy and raven-black. His skin was a flawless bronze, his teeth a flawless white, and his eyesâ€"oh, those eyesâ€"beckoning sapphire wells that a girl could drown in if she wasn't careful, and maybe even if she was. **(Quick note: I hate Justin, but this is the only way I know how to describe the irritating fool)**

In short, every girl present desired him on sight. The boys' reactions to the new arrival were mixed. Some were disdainful of the 'pretty boy'; some admired his ripped physique, knowing that a guy didn't get that way without a lot of work, whatever his natural gifts; and some saw a dangerous rival who might damage their own chances of hooking up with someone. "Welcome to Total Drama Island" "Thanks, Chris, this is great!" the teen replied enthusiastically. He was already making it up in his mind how he was going to win. Chris said, "Just, so you know, we picked you based entirely on your looks." "I can deal with that!" he responded with a grin. Owen said, "I like your pants!" Justin replied, "Thanks man!" "Cause they look like they're all worn out," he laughs, "...did you buy them like that?" "Uh, no just had them for a while!" "Oh, cool!...stupid," Owen whispered the last part as the teen walked down the dock.

The last boat arrived and out stepped a slim girl standing at the prow and waving excitedly. Her long, somewhat curly hair was a fiery Scotch orange-red, and her eyes were green. She wore a green halter top with a collar and a cleavage window. She was the only girl with a long skirt, reaching almost to her knees, but the skirt was of a curious design—covering most of her thighs on the outside but barely on the inside, it was knotted on one side and hung low on her hips, only partially covering her green, bikini-like panties. All in all, it looked like Izzy, as the new arrival was called, had simply wrapped a yellow-green towel around her hips. "Hey everyone! Izzy!" When the boat came to a stop, Izzy rushed to the gangplank, but stubbed her toe and took a header off the boat. Recovering quickly, she executed a flip and landed catlike on her feet, just about as close to the end of the dock as she could have done without falling into the water. "This is summer camp? That is so cool! Do you have paper mache here? Are we having lunch soon?"

"That is a good call!" The fat kid replied. Chris said, "And now our final contestant." The gathered campers looked expectantly into the horizon as another boat approached, except this one was designed to resemble a dragon soaring across the water. Slowly it came into focus as did the figure aboard, when it docked the figure was silhouetted against the sky, giving him an almost ethereal glow.

3. Final camper and teams form

****I only own my OC's****

He turned to reveal his piercing teal eyes, then he jumped off the boat and said, "Thanks for the ride man." The driver said, "Anytime dude, can't thank ya enough for saving my sister from those assholes." As the boat left, he turned around and said, "Name's Korogra, how's it going?" Chris said, "Glad you could make it." Korogra shrugged, "Had nothing better to do." The campers finally turned their attention to him and the first things they noticed were the scar on his jaw and his seafoam green goggles. Korogra had pitch-black hair, a lean build, and was wearing black pants with stripes of red going down his legs, a white shirt with blue winding down to the cuffs, an unzipped black jacket with a four pointed star sprouting wings on the pocket, fingerless blue gloves, and jade green sneakers.

The reactions were eerily similar to Justin's with some of the girls entrapped by his gaze and some guys unhappy that there was another 'pretty boy'. Suddenly, Courtney voiced the question on most people's minds, "How'd you get that scar?" Korogra said, "That's for me to know and you to find out." Turning to Chris, he asked, "So McClain, how're we gonna even things out?" Chris was annoyed at being called by his last name but said, "Korogra, if I wasn't such a fan of your book 'Soul Edge's Curse' you'd be on the chopping block." Izzy went wide-eyed and said, "Wait, wait, wait... you wrote 'Soul Edge's Curse!'" Korogra casually said, "Sure did, I also wrote 'The Summoner's Journey' and 'Regeneration of Twin Worlds' and I'm currently working on a sequel to The Summoner's Journey." Gwen came up and asked, "Can I have your autograph? I'm a big fan of The Summoner's Journey!" Korogra smiled, "Sure, ah but who's the lovely lady I'll be writing it out to?" Gwen blushed, "It's Gwen." Korogra said, "A beautiful name for a beautiful girl." He then signed his

name on a page, just as other girls and some guys asked as well. Once he finished signing he said, "Now I believe McClain was about to answer my question."

Everyone turned to Chris and he said, "It'll be a double elimination, but first we need a group photo for the promos. Everyone to the end of the dock." They gathered and posed as he was about to take a photo Chris remembered the lens cap then realized the card was full. Leshawna said, "C'mon man my face is starting to freeze." Chris focused the camera and said, "Say 'Wawanakwa'." Everyone did and the picture took seconds before the dock collapsed, Chris then said, "Dry off and meet at the campfire in ten." At the pit Korogra said, "He probably knew it'd collapse." Courtney said, "Maybe but let's go before he tries anything." Heather asked, "Oh please, what's he gonna do?" Korogra shoved past her saying, "I'd rather not find out." Chris said, "This is Camp Wawanakwa. Now for the next eight weeks the campers sitting around you will be your cabin mates, your competition and maybe your friends ya dig. The camper who lasts the longest without getting voted off will win \$100,000" Duncan asked, "Excuse me what will the sleeping arrangements be? I'd like to request a bunk under her." Motioning to Heather at the end.

She asked, almost pleading, "There not coed are they?" Chris replied, "Nooo, chicks get one cabin, dudes get the other." Then says, "Alright, when I call your name go stand over there." Motioning to one side then he calls, "Gwen, Trent, Heather, Cody, Lindsay, Beth, Katie, Owen, Leshawna, Justin, and Noah." He then tossed them a banner saying, "You are now the Screaming Gophers. The rest of you are the Killer Bass; Geoff, Bridgette, DJ, Tyler, Sadie, Izzy, Courtney, Ezekiel, Duncan, Eva, Harold, and Korogra." Katie and Sadie object, yet there pleas are ignored. Chris then says, "The outhouse is where you can share your thoughts or get something of your chest in video diaries."

(confessional)

Gwen said, "Okay, so far... This sucks."

Lindsey is confused as to where the camera guy is, looking in the wrong direction

A loon is shown putting on lipstick

Owen lets out a fart then laughs

Korogra says, "Never thought I'd be on a reality show, I can already tell this is gonna be fun."

(Confessional end)

Chris said, "Gophers get the east cabin, Bass get the west." In the girls' side of the Gopher cabin, Heather complains about the bunk beds being 'Summer-camp' Gwen sarcastically remarks, "That's the idea genius." Cody then enters saying that Gwen's so smart before being kicked out, Korogra shakes his head, "Cody, you dumbass. You don't just walk into a girl's room, or in this case cabin." After Lindsey comments about her straightening iron Chris points out the communal bathrooms, confusing Lindsey into thinking communion, Gwen comments, "It means we shower together, idiot." Chris gives the campers thirty minutes to unpack before meeting in the main lodge, Geoff asks,

"Excuse me, is there any kind of chaperone at this facility?" Chris said, "Your all sixteen, as old as a councilor in training at a regular summer camp. So aside from myself you'll be unsupervised." Geoff exclaimed, "Nice." Just then the campers hear a loud shriek from the girls' side of the gopher cabin Leshawna comments, "Oh man that white girl can scream." Inside, Lindsey in on a chair as a large cockroach crawls around. DJ freaks out and crushes a bed, irritated Gwen said, "That was my bed." Korogra said, "I could fix it for ya later." Gwen says, "Thanks Korogra." Several campers try to crush it until Duncan cuts it in half with an axe, Tyler then tells Lindsey he can do that to before Korogra slaps the back of his head saying, "Yet you did jack shit to help."

In the main lodge Chef says, "Listen up! I serve it three times a day and you'll eat it three times a day. Grab your tray, get your food, and sit your butts down NOW!" He then ignores any requests, Korogra said, "Hey thanks Chef. Oh! By the way, here's a pre-published copy of a new book I'm working on just need to make some minor corrections and come up with a title." Chef said, "I'm sure you'll come up with something." Chris comes in, revealing the first challenge will start in an hour. Geoff asks if they can order a Pizza and Chef throws a meat cleaver scaring everyone except Korogra who remarked, "Either eat this stuff and have the energy for the challenge or go hungry and almost guarantee loosing the challenge." DJ assures Katie the challenge won't be too difficult seeing as it's the first challenge only to take it back when they're lined up at the top of a very tall cliff saying, "Oh shit."

End
file.